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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

The Pledge of Good Fortune

I PROMISE to treat myself as an individual; to seek the good fortune of strength and beauty and accomplishment and goodness; to place human considerations before material considerations; to decline all profit gained at the expense of men and women and children; to work only for human wealth.

I promise to treat others as individuals; to help them in their quest of personal good fortune; to put no obstacles in their way; to remove all obstacles that I can; to treat their efforts after perfection seriously and sympathetically; to avoid personal ridicule and disparagement; to cultivate a universal comradeship.

I promise to further social welfare; to promote the idea that prosperity consists essentially in persons and only incidentally in things; to be true to this faith in public and in private, in work and in play; to help, so far as I can, the freedom of noninterference and opportunity; to seek in all social intercourse the seriousness and beauty of a high purpose.—*C. Hanford Henderson, in The Children of Good Fortune.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1906 NUMBER 8

I cannot abide to see men throw away their tools the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure in their work, and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much. The very grindstone 'll go on turning a bit after you loose it.

—George Eliot.

A Kansas exchange says of Mrs. Kellogg's articles on "Mother Bickerdyke": "They are the best articles of the kind that have been published in this country in a great many years. If put in book form they would meet with a ready demand."

John Balcom Shaw, of the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago, is a man who has something to say. Last Sunday he contrasted the wheat corner of Joseph four thousand years ago with the successful commercial transactions in the same direction of to-day. Modern monopolies, he said, "are purely selfish, having but one aim in view,—the gain of the man or set of men who project them, while Joseph gathered the grain for a benevolent purpose. Conscience, not Mammon, was his King. Avarice and selfishness," he said, "come in when the thought of God and man, the purpose of service, is left out."

UNITY gives its belated "Welcome home!" to John McCutcheon, the cartoonist of the *Tribune*. He was sorely missed during his absence around the world. England's boasted Browne was a poor substitute. John McCutcheon must always be included among the moral forces of Chicago. Happy indeed would the preacher be who could rival him in his ability to expose sham, to awaken conscience, and on occasion to touch the sympathies of the human heart. Indeed, McCutcheon has to a large degree a sense of the humorous, but in him it is allied, as it always must be in its finest manifestation, to a sense of right and the people's interest. We wish the editorial columns on the inside pages of the *Tribune* manifested the ethical insight, public spirit, and independence which the man with the brush does who exerts his mighty influence on the outside page of the *Tribune*.

A friend of UNITY is distressed over certain opinions expressed in the "Watch Tower" department of UNITY which, to our correspondent, seems to call for editorial pruning. A more incisive interpretation of the practice as well as the principle of UNITY will disclose the fact that it seeks to be indeed a Congress with a free platform, subject only to the limitations of space, sincerity, ability and courtesy. The management finds ample editorial scope in these directions without assuming responsibility for the opinions of our contributors or our associates. The Senior Editor assumes responsibility only for such unsigned matter as appears in the columns in his immediate charge. He rejoices in the work of his colleagues, whether they agree with him or not, and is delighted to find how in this freedom the consensus of opinion is so generally apparent.

Professor Schodde, of Columbus, Ohio, according to the *Literary Digest,* has been stating that the "real issue in advanced theology is whether the scriptures are the final court of appeals in all matters of faith and life, and the material which teaches that man is justified by faith only." This, the Professor insists, is the original postulate of Protestantism, and, of course, according to this claim, Protestantism is the original form of Christianity. Logically the position of the Professor may be well taken, but the truly "advanced theologian" will say to this,—If it be so, then only so much the worse for Protestantism and Christianity. The liberated thinker is not going to quarrel about words. If these words are to be preserved for an impossible conception of life, death, and duty, then the rational view of religion as based upon the universal experience of man and salvation by character will obtain with another name, or, if need be, without a name.

Wealth, in the nature of the case, is conservative. The commercial world yields slowly and with reluctance to change, particularly to the changes called for by the ideal. Still the Ohio verdict against the Standard Oil Company is one more straw that indicates the direction of the current. The tide has turned; here is the beginning of the end of that high-handed defiance to law, that subtle trickery, the success of which has made it respectable. Once the public is in full possession of the indisputable facts in the case, the wicked rebate and its collateral iniquities will cease to be, just as mildew disappears from the basement rooms when the doors are opened, the shutters thrown back, and light and air put in circulation. Wealth even will lose its attractions when it carries with it an implication of disgrace and dishonesty. Even gold is not as much desired by the human heart as is the esteem of one's neighbors, the confidence of the community in which one lives.

Last Sunday's Chicago *Tribune* devoted an illustrated page to grewsome humor at the expense of the "largest colony of bankers in the world," which is represented by "eleven financiers who lead the simple life in the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth." It gives the names of these eleven capitalists who are now serving their time in a national prison. They represent four presidents and five cashiers of national banks, one director, and one bank forger. The humor of the situation is well sustained throughout the page, but the pathos of the situation overlays it and the tear checks the smile. All these men a few months ago, in appearance, position, carriage and surroundings, were gentlemen. They rejoiced in their automobiles; they graced parlor elegance and partook of sumptuous feasts. What has brought them hither? Younger and less favored men, lured by their example, tempted by their triumphs, are taking the shorter cut, the less conspicuous road, to disgrace and death. Cannot something be done to save these men from themselves? O, for a gospel that will arrest the wayward steps of the millionaire!

The Congregationalists are welcoming a new English evangelist to our shores, who carries the sensational title of "Gypsy Smith." Dr. Hillis in the *Congregationalist* warns the Americans against the mistake of saying that he is not a strong man. He bases his judgment on the fact that out of a small audience he was able to bring twenty men to their feet by his appeal. He predicts that if there had been a thousand non-Christian men present "he would have lifted nine hundred of them to their feet," a thing that could not be accomplished by many of the strong preachers in Boston. This ability "to do the thing needed," Dr. Hillis well says is the test in the strength of a sermon. But is the thing most needed to "bring people to their feet" in meeting, or is it to lay the foundations of intelligent appreciation of duty, a sense of civic responsibility, and, above all, the intellectual and spiritual humility that will call for continuous application? If the history of preaching proves anything, it proves, as it seems to us, that this test applied by Dr. Hillis is an inadequate one, for the results are oftentimes disappointing. The work of these "reviving" men is at its maximum during a psychological moment, not through the sociological years.

"The Hay Stack Centennial" being now celebrated by the Congregationalists and other missionary bodies is of more than picturesque significance. The storm-driven young students of Williams College who under the shelter of a hay stack consecrated themselves to missionary work a hundred years ago inaugurated a movement more significant in its sociological than in its theological bearings. The theological "scheme" of these earnest young men has been outgrown; the success in propagating the same in non-Christian lands has been not very striking, but the less studied sociological bearings of that undertaking have brought forth profound results and are destined to yield still nobler fruit. The intermingling of blood, the crossing of languages, the exchange of commodities and of methods, which have followed in the wake of these missionaries have wrought mightily for the reconstruction of the world; they have made for a splendid cosmopolitanism that to a large degree has destroyed or counteracted the dogmatism and the exclusive arrogance of their theological bases. These earnest young men builded wiser than they knew. Their disinterestedness and love of truth argued for the very thing they distrusted and would have opposed,—the universal brotherhood of man, as the inevitable corollary of the universal fatherhood of God.

An editorial comment on base ball would seem to be a demand upon a Chicago journal just now. We wish UNITY readers might have the advantage of a clarifying editorial on the relative merits of the "Cubs" and the "Sox," but unfortunately our sanctum yields no ability for such an editorial; we do not even know which is victor or how the victory was won; or what it signifies. We only know there has been a cyclone of excitement; that there has been a prodigious amount of shouting; that men, women and children have run themselves out of breath, crowded themselves into awful jams, to the demoralization of their wardrobes and the greater demoralization of their dignity, in order to be at the game. Well, this is better than the body-crushing games of foot ball; it is better than something worse; perhaps it is all good. Meanwhile the humiliating slump in Chicago politics seems to disturb nobody; meanwhile cautious church committeemen and even the women members of church councils ominously shake their heads over the impossibility of raising money for this or that most worthy object, they are insistent over the necessity of "retrenching" and the "awful expensiveness" of modern living; meanwhile favored parents wonder why their children fail in their examinations, indeed beg to be relieved of the necessity of pursuing their education further. They turn away from the open door of college and university. But Chicago has won some kind of cup! and Sir Lipton, "the jolly good fellow," is going to build another "Challenger!" and preparations are already well advanced for a brilliant horse show with the attendant more brilliant hat show! and a few sympathetic friends will wish UNITY were not given to such disagreeable comments.

"O Earth, thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine,
And every humble hedge-row flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A living word to every living thing,
Albeit it hold the message unawares."

The Turmoil in the Chicago Schools

The present dispute going on inside of the Chicago Board of Education is in every way deplorable. The discussion of new methods, the advocacy of revision, and reform, is always hopeful. The assumption that the existing order of things is good enough and should not be tampered with is a dangerous one. Even unsightly quarreling is better than apathy, but when a Board entrusted with such grave responsibilities as this is disturbed by partisan bitterness which threatens to divide the public into quarreling factions, it is altogether to be lamented. The present system of promotional examinations may not work well. Certainly no "system" can work well in every case when a vast army of five thousand or more individual teachers are concerned. But whatever defects the present system may have there should be a way of remedying them other than by precipitating a war between the federation of grade teachers on the one hand and the superintendent of schools on the other, with their respective champions. Both the federation and Superintendent Cooley are worthy of respect, and anything that forces an antagonism is to be deplored, for in such a dispute the interest most at stake is in danger of being forgotten, viz., the interest of the children, the entire public.

UNITY has often deplored the tendency of the Chicago teachers' federation to assume the tactics of a labor union, to resolve itself into a mutual self-protection society against the usurpations of an imaginary employer, whose interests are supposed to be inimical to its own. If teaching is still to be regarded as a liberal profession in which there is a non-commercial element, an altruistic motive, and not simply a wage-earning trade, no effort should be spared on the part of the teachers to save themselves from such a suspicion. And the School Board will poorly serve the cause of education by precipitating a public debate concerning a problem which, in the nature of the case, is academic and highly technical.

How to keep this vast force of teachers to their maximum alertness, how best with the minimum of pain to the individual and maximum of benefit to the school, to eliminate the indolent, the over-weary, the over-complacent and self-seeking teachers, who are necessarily always in evidence, from the force, is a question which cannot be decided by a popular vote, and the School Board had better bide their time until by deliberate consultations and scholarly concessions and experimentations they find the better way. Democracy has need of experts. The function of the educational engineer is as distinct and imperative as is the function of the mechanical or electric engineer. A vast railroad system cannot be run by a convention of brakesmen and conductors. Its rights and interests are best conserved by a wise coördination of parts, a mutual respect, from the president to the section hand.

Mayor Dunne displayed a commendable independency, a worthy progressive spirit, in introducing into the School Board fresh, vigorous, radical new blood, and there is no worthy ground to impugn his motives or even his judgment, although the latter matter is necessarily a relative thing. Not even the Mayor of Chicago can assume infallibility. But this new blood will disappoint the expectations of the progressive elements in Chicago and impugn the wisdom of the Mayor if with premature haste they precipitate a factional fight rather than win by sympathetic wisdom and careful education a closer alliance between all parties concerned, and the wiser way. Evolution, not revolution, is the message of modern science and should represent the methods of modern education.

The Ermine

I read of the ermine today,
Of the ermine who will not step
  By the feint of a step in the mire;
The creature who will not stain
  Her garments of wild white fire.

Of the dumb, flying, soulless thing
(So we with our souls dare to say),
  The being of sense and of sod,
That will not, that will not defile
  The nature she took from her God.

And we with the souls that we have,
Go cheering the hunters on
  To a prey with that pleading eye.
She cannot go into the mud!
  She can stay like the snow, and die!

The hunters come leaping on,
She turns like a hart at bay,
  They do with her as they will.
. . . O Thou who thinkest on this!
  Stand like a star, and be still,

Where the sod oozes under thy feet.
Better, ah! better to die
  Than to take one step in the mire.
Oh! blessed to die or to live
  With garments of holy fire.

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

The Purity Conference in Chicago

The three days' conference, held at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, October 9-11, was in many respects a valuable contribution to the forward movement towards a better and purer social life. There were in attendance nearly one hundred delegates, representing various societies coming from many of our States, east and west, north and south, and at some of the sessions the attendance from Chicago swelled the numbers into several hundreds.

There were some disappointments caused by the absence of certain speakers, especially of Anthony Comstock, who, we understand, was detained in New York by a law case, and also Dr. Wilbur Crafts, who, after he accepted the invitation, was appointed to go to Europe as a delegate to the International Temperance Convention at Berlin, Germany. But the program was well sustained throughout. There was no lack of testimony on the medical aspects of the question. Indeed, it was rather overbalanced in this respect, no less than eight speakers being physicians—Dr. Homer Thomas, Dr. Denslow Lewis, Dr. Herdman, the famous medical tutor of Michigan University; Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek; Dr. David

Paulson, Hinsdale; Dr. Mary Wood Allen, Brooklyn; Dr. Hattie Schwendener, St. Joseph, Mich., and Dr. Geisel, Battle Creek.

The moral aspects of the subject were represented in the persons and advocacy of Bishop Fallows, Rev. J. Balcom Shaw, D. D., Rev. Chas. Caverno, LL. D., Lombard, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Rev. Chas. Mitchell, Guthrie, Okla.; Mrs. L. M. Lake, vice-president Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; Mrs. Mary Teats, Los Angeles; Mrs. Eliz. Grannis, New York; Miss Belle Mix, and Rev. A. Godley.

The legal aspects of the subject were presented by Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch, Evanston; J. B. Caldwell, Chicago, and Attorney Theodore Schroeder, of New York. The paper of the last named was something of a sensation. His subject was "Liberty of Speech and Press." He contended that this is essential to purity propaganda and quoted many legal cases to show that, as the law now stands, the purest form of purpose and expression may be interpreted to mean an immorality by any court or jury.

The White Slave traffic and the Rescue work were presented by the Rev. Sydney Kendall, of Long Beach, Cal.; Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, of the Door of Hope, New York; Mrs. E. M. Adams, Mound City, Kans.; Mrs. Sarah F. Bond, of Oklahoma City, and Miss Marie Winkler, of Germany. Mr. Kendall's resolution on the white slave traffic was the expression of the special section on that subject and was afterwards adopted with profound interest by the whole Conference at an evening session. It has been sent to the press throughout the entire country. It reads as follows:

WHEREAS, It has been abundantly demonstrated by facts presented before this conference that there exists White Slave Traffic doing a large and shameful business in our own country, both by the importation of women for commercial purposes and by the corruption of native born girls, and

WHEREAS, This White Slave Traffic is encouraged and fostered by the illegal toleration of the Social Evil, and by police regulation in many cities, and by the comparative inaction and indifference of the Religious Public, and

WHEREAS, There is at this time a widespread awakening with regard to this horrible condition, be it

Resolved, That as the illegal recognition given to the Social Evil in many cities of the United States is almost the sole cause of the White Slave Traffic; that this illegal recognition being a heritage from a less enlightened past, is abhorrent to the moral judgment of the present generation; that the public authorities in every city be required to bring the moral condition of our cities into harmony with the present rising sentiment by an energetic and constant enforcement of the laws against vice, be it also

Resolved, That we call upon the people in all cities to do the utmost that is possible to rescue the victims of this awful traffic, and rebuke and punish the men and women by whom it is maintained, including the patrons of the resorts.

Trades unions as factors in the social purity movement found an able advocate in Mr. John Lennon, treasurer of the American Federation of Labor, and Impurity, as affected by women's wages, was the subject of Mrs. Helen Arthur's paper. Among the many very strong papers of the Conference we may mention that of Mr. Delos Wilcox, Ph. D., of Detroit, on the "Social Aspects of Marriage," and Mrs. Rose Woodallen Chapman's paper on "The Hope of the Nation." We hope to publish these in UNITY. The Executive is arranging to publish them all in book form.

Rabbi T. Schanfarber's eloquent speech at the closing session of the Conference was directed to the commercial aspects of the evil, in which he contended that the root of social vice in all its worst forms is found in our commercial wrongs. Low wages, sweatshops, merchandise in vice, and the luxury which seeks the purchase of innocence for lust.

The Conference, as a whole, may be regarded as a new declaration of organized warfare against vice in our land. It is a recognition of the fact that the aggressive and organized forces which work for immorality must not be underestimated, but must be attacked at every point.

The Conference placed special emphasis upon the importance of education in physiology as a remedy for much of the evil. It was assumed from first to last that light is the one specific remedy for lust. Light and lust are deadly enemies. "There is no darkness but ignorance," says Shakespeare. But it should not be forgotten that want of knowledge is not the only form of darkness. Moral darkness is far denser than intellectual ignorance. It is, of course, true that ignorance of physical law often contributes to the seduction and ruin of the innocent. But the patrons of brothels, the seducers of girls, the purchasers in the white slave market,—all these are not, as a rule, ignorant.

There must be a strong moral basis for every agent of education on this subject. Dr. Balcom Shaw and Rabbi Schanfarber both pointed out what is perhaps even a greater force for evil than ignorance of physiology. The commerce in vice is the gigantic agent of its perpetuation and its more cruel and ruinous consequences. The economic conditions under which many work, the under pay and unsanitary surroundings of girl wage earners were particularly dwelt upon. If a better moral tone is to pervade society,—if education is to stand for purer moral life,—then must the commercial features of the abominable evil be smitten and slain. The white slave traffic,—the gilded house of ill-fame,—the business of the procurer,—the resort that brings discredit upon the name of "hotel,"—the saloon death-trap,—the system of police raiding and arresting for revenue only,—all these must be destroyed, root and branch, and in their place there must be the enactment and enforcement of sane and righteous laws, not framed in the interests of mercenary schemers, but in the cause of true morality, and for the protection of the young and unwary and the unerring punishment of the guilty.

The Conference adopted a series of resolutions designed to focus attention on the main features of this many-sided question. One of these resolutions calls for the direction of law against the real criminals. City ordinances and police regulations are generally employed against the helpless and weakest of the victims of lust—seldom against the men who work their ruin. The statutes of Illinois provide that "whoever keeps or maintains a house of ill-fame for the practice of prostitution or lewdness, or whoever patronizes the same shall be fined, not exceeding $200." And a similar law exists against persons who lease premises for such purposes. If such laws were honestly enforced the institutions of social immorality would speedily weaken.

On the whole the Conference was a long step in advance of any similar gathering in this country held for the special purpose of dealing with this grave social problem.

WM. BURGESS,
Chairman of Chicago Business Committee of the Conference.

Show me the man you honor; I know by that symptom better than any other, what kind of a man you are yourself; for you show me what your ideal of manhood is, and what kind of a man you long to be.
—*Carlyle.*

Mother Bickerdyke As I Knew Her

BY MRS. FLORENCE S. KELLOGG, FAY, KANSAS.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.

"Pure religion, and undefiled, before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This was Mother Bickerdyke's working creed, it and the "golden rule" held all the doctrine she thought necessary in the living of a true religious life. Hers was essentially a religion of works rather than of words. She kept so busy in trying to follow Christ's example of living in loving fellowship with all around her, and doing good as she had opportunity, that she had no time, and certainly no disposition, for "doubtful disputations" over creeds and dogmas. In all my visits with her I remember but one talk that could be called distinctly religious, yet she always impressed me as being, what indeed she was, a deeply religious woman, one that rested all her hope and love, all her life on a power beyond herself. She no more doubted the infinite wisdom and goodness of this Power than she doubted her own existence. The love and help of the Father-God was as real to her as was her love for her children. It was this perfect faith that helped her over all the hard places and made her invincible. Did a task seem too great for her, "I *must* do it—Father help me," she said, and the help was given. "It is a lack of faith that makes us weak. If we had faith enough we could do anything," she told me when we were speaking of some work that, though seeming very difficult, had yet been done easily and successfully.

She was not creed-bound in any way. She cut the lines of creeds and doctrines that would hold her back from communion with all that was highest and holiest, or limit her free thought and growth, as ruthlessly, as fearlessly as in her army life she cut the "red tape" that would hinder her from giving instant relief to the sick and wounded. She liked a minister who dared have "the courage of his convictions," and would speak the truth as it was in him. In speaking to me of a new minister who had just settled in town, she said, "You would like him. He is by far the most liberal minded minister we have had here, and is not afraid to know and to preach the truth." I never knew to what church she belonged, nor cared to know, since all her life showed she belonged to the great working Church of Christ. She felt little patience with those who would

> —"fix with mete and bound
> The love and power of God,"

though she might pity their ignorance in doing so. "They don't know any better now, but they will some day, somewhere," she would say when speaking of those who made a knowledge of and belief in some specified doctrine the measure of a religious life and the pledge of salvation. Hers was a family wherein the making of ministers must have been a "goodly work," for, when I was talking with her about writing a sketch of her life, she said, "Don't forget to tell them we had fifteen ministers in our immediate family, and," she added with a touch of pardonable pride, "four of them were bishops."

That she knew how surely sorrow, if rightfully borne, brings fitness for life and work, was shown in what she said to me one day when I had expressed surprise at the work she had done during her army life. I spoke of it as being a consecrated work. "Yes," she said, "I was consecrated by sorrow. In the few years just before the war God had taken seventeen of those I loved best from me—among them my husband. (There was always a sound of tears in her voice when she spoke of her husband.) By my sorrow I was taught sympathy for others' sorrows, by my suffering I learned how to lessen the sufferings of others. Yes," she said again while a look as of one who summons

> "From the shadows of the past
> The forms that once had been,"

came in her eyes, "yes, I was consecrated by sorrow. God taught me how to work and gave me the work to do." Later, in that same conversation, she said, "No one ever does good work without being consecrated to it. This consecration comes through the trials and sorrows of life—Life. All that comes to us here is a discipline—a praparation for the work God would have us do." She believed

> "The world we live in
> Comes before that which is to be hereafter,"

and that the faithful performance of duty here, the loving service one to another, was the only preparation for the life beyond, and underneath all the work and bustle of her life lay a great peace, a beautiful serenity, a steadfast faith in the triumph of the right, however long delayed.

Some one has written "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers." Mrs. Bickerdyke was surely one of these God-made mothers. This dear title—Mother—more dear, more sacred than royalty ever wore, was hers by every right of nature and of love, and she wore it with regal grace. It followed her everywhere, even as did the affection that prompted the giving of it. Tenderly as his own mother might have done, she listened to the last, low-spoken words of the dying soldier, soothingly she sang his "Swan Song," as death came nearer and nearer, and his soul, upborne by her singing, by the thoughts of love and home and Heaven, of which she sang—floated bravely out into the silence—God's silence. Tenderly then she gathered up the little keepsakes he had cherished and wrote the letter to send with them to those who waited at home, longing—God knows how wearily—for the sound of the footsteps they were never to hear again. Think how many times she did this through those dreadful years. What but mother love could have prompted it? What but God's love could have sustained and strengthened her for it all? How easily and naturally it leads us to believe in the "Father and mother heart of God," as Theodore Parker used to express it. It is easy to believe this human love, though so pure and sweet, was sent by a divine Love—more tender, more complete. Knowing, as she did, of this divine Love, resting in it so fully, drawing her strength from it daily, hourly, living so close to the dividing line—if there be a dividing line—that when once she faltered and said, "I cannot," at a service asked of her, she heard "As plainly as I ever heard it in my life, my husband's voice saying, 'Yes, you can, Mary Ann,' as she has told us. Scarce knowing "where earth ends and Heaven begins," believing with all her heart and mind in a God of love, how terrible, how false to her must have seemed the words she was compelled to see daily as she passed in and out of the doors of the "Old Mission Dolores," where she lived during her long stay in San Francisco. There, inscribed upon "the arch encircling the altar," as Mrs. Davis tells us in her little story of "Mother Bicker-

dyke and the Soldier," so deeply engraven that two hundred years of sunshine and of storm has not sufficed to erase them, are these words, "How terrible is this place! This is none other but the house of God and the gate of Heaven." What a constant lie they must have seemed to her, and how she must have "ached," as she would say, to reach up and wipe them out. "How *terrible* is this place!"—the place where those devout Franciscan monks gathered the "wild children of the woods" and sought to teach them of the one true God who should supersede their Great Spirit, presiding over the "Happy Hunting Ground" of their childish faith. Truly the holy fathers must have believed in the gospel of fear and have felt that by it they could *scare* more of these people into a desire for more knowledge and a better way of life than they could win by voicing the great love story of creation—that story that all of Nature, with her beautiful flowers, her forests and streams, her mountains, lifting glad hands to the heavens above, her valleys, over which the peace of God brooded perpetually—yea, even with her fearful storms and mighty tempests, was ever trying to tell. The good mother heart, so full of love, must have given a constant contradiction to those words, and she must have felt it would almost have been better to let the Indians worship in the forests that were the "first Temples," rather than to teach them that any place that was indeed a "house of God" could be a "fearful place." Her life here—filled with the quiet routine of work and service, gave a blessed denial to the graven words and preached ever the gospel of love. George Eliot tells us "There are some natures in which we are conscious of having a sort of baptism and consecration; they bind us over to rectitude and purity by their fast belief about us, and our sins become the worst kind of sacrilege, which tears down the invisible altars of trust." This was Mother Bickerdyke's nature. She held one to the right and made it seem impossible to shirk a known duty.

She has gone from us now but her spirit is still with us, still holding us to the "mountain road" of life and endeavor. In her going, though there was everything to miss, there was nothing to mourn for, for she had long outlived the allotted "three score and ten" and was ripe for eternity. Though her son was left lonely and bereft it was only for a little time. The tie between them was too strong to be broken and she drew him to her by all the power of love and memory, and we think of them now as sharing again the same home, united and happy, and still serving faithfully.

The story is told of a poor woman being seen in a public park stooping down and gathering up something from the grass and filling her apron therewith. The policeman on duty walked up and sternly demanded what she was picking up, saying, "I've been watching you at this game for some time." The poor thing, in trembling and fear, replied, "I'm only picking up the pieces of broken glass off the grass to save cutting the poor bairns' feet!" And there, in her torn and dirty apron, she showed the dangerous bits of glass which had been carelessly strewn about, and which would assuredly have caused injury to the many little feet which came to play about the park.

"Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
Or flings a rock out of a traveled road,
His feet are moving toward the central star,
His name is whispered in the god's abode."

THE PULPIT.

Conscience Calls

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, OCTOBER 21, 1906.

IV.

THE CALL OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

What, under the shade of the trees, in the long, quiet hours of the mid-summer vacation, were the monitions of conscience to the individual? What, in the quiet hours of midnight, does the still small voice whisper to the soul concerning itself? When stripped of all its conventional drapery, released for the time being from the social complications, the business entanglements, the schemes of the hour, what is the estimate of the soul of the things doing and the things to be done by itself? In the nice discriminations of conscience, when judgment is freed from the disturbing elements and counter-currents of fashion and ambition, of the envies and jealousies that so persistently work around us, upon us, and through us, what are its messages to the individual?

Here let no man presume to speak for another. Here at least let no one intrude upon the sacred privacy of the human heart itself.

On preceding Sundays I have tried to interpret the Conscience Calls of the City, of the Church, of the Home. So, this morning bear with the seeming insolence while I try to interpret the Conscience Calls to the Individual as they came to me at such times and places as were most favorable to distinctness and impartiality.

The first message that the enlightened conscience of today carries to the individual is a warning against egotism. Conscience, in the light of science and history, as well as of individual experience, says: "Think not too highly of yourself; your place in the universe is a very small one; your importance to the community is easily over-estimated; your necessity to the state, the city, the church, is not so great as it may seem to you. In the commercial world no man or even group of men is very important. The great captains of industry may and do drop out. Their own estimations notwithstanding, the industry continues. Presidents, counsellors, secretaries, treasurers, superintendents, teachers, preachers, fathers and mothers, seem, in their egotistic estimate of themselves, indispensable to the success or the perpetuation of this bank, college, school, club or home. This conceit exists in the face of the daily demonstration that such may drop out, leaving but a momentary ripple, a little eddy, such as follows the dropping of a pebble in the flowing stream; the disturbance is but a thing of a moment; the on-rushing tide closes the gap and moves serenely on. No man is indispensable in this world. If any of us in our egotism deem ourselves indispensable to any cause or movement, conscience rebukes the unwarranted egotism. The biggest men the world has ever known were not big enough to much interfere, either by their lives or their deaths, with the mighty sweep, the irresistible tide, the unbroken and unbreakable order of things.

Conscience says to the individual: "You need the place that is within your reach more than the place needs you; and your withdrawal from any high opportunity, your refusal of any call to usefulness, your resignation from any place of trust or responsibility is a menace to your own personality more serious than it can be to the cause or movement. The truth

or the opportunity that honors you with the privilege of serving it serves you more than you can possibly serve it. It enables you to enlarge your being, to increase somewhat your little circle of life, to widen your zone of influence, and prolong by a few beats of the clock your finite career in the eternity of being.

Science is a great corrective to the arrogance of the human soul; it takes the conceit out of men and women. Who are *you,* anyhow, that would presume to set up your own petty interests, your small ambitions, parade your microscopic hurts and insults, as an excuse for action or non-action, in the face of the slow, sure, irresistible grinding of the mill of destiny, that in the end blows away the chaff and saves the wheat and grinds that wheat and separates the bran from the flour that is to be converted into the bread of life?

Professor Shaler, in that suggestive book of his on "The Individual," tells us that less than one in a thousand of egg-laying creatures reach their maturity. And, furthermore, that "if all the living forms of today were brought down upon the surface of the earth their bodies would form a layer of material which would probably not exceed a foot in thickness."

He further shows that any one man's place in human history is also comparatively an insignificant one. He says: "The view of the universe which centers all in man is very natural but very conceited," and adds:

> "We can no longer conceive our kind of life as the sole important product of the great field; it appears as only a small part of the marvelous whole."

If we look into the realms of human history only, again the place of the individual is a very modest one. Even the great men of history, those whom their times regarded as the pillars of society, did not pull down society by their fall. Oftentimes the truth with which they were identified, to which they were committed, seems to ungraciously prosper in the defeat and death of its would-be human guardians.

Professor Shaler tells of coming unexpectedly, in his historical researches, upon the name of one John Winthrop, who was a professor of mathematics and astronomy in Harvard University during the eighteenth century, a man who had made important discoveries in astronomy and geology, a Fellow of the Royal Society and a member of the governor's council,—one to whose lectures on science may be traced the quickening of the intellects and the directing of the studies of Count Rumford and Benjamin Franklin. Chagrined at his ignorance of this master, who had been dead only a little over a hundred years, he says:

> "I sought at once to see how singular my ignorance was. I inquired in succession of one hundred well-informed persons, including all the then members of the faculty of Harvard College, and found but three who had any recollection of the name."

Go to, then, you arrogant "Leader of Society," you bumptious "capitalist," you complacent "scientist," who conduct your observations behind locked doors lest the world should rob you of your discoveries, your inventions, or your accumulations. Be not so fast, you conceited minister or arrogant reformer, who more or less unconsciously identify your own life and destiny with the permanency of the cause, the perpetuity of the truth you inadequately represent!

Alexander the Great on learning that his old preceptor, Aristotle, had published another volume, wrote to the great philosopher, gently rebuking him for the same; for he declared that in so doing he was removing the only efficient mark of distinction that separated the aristocratic Greeks from their commonplace neighbors.

If anybody had a right to guard his distinguished prerogative, rejoice in the pride of the select, it might well be Alexander, whom history has called "the Great," and Aristotle, the father of modern science. But Alexander and Aristotle are today held in esteem and their stories perpetuated by the descendants of the Pagan horde, from whom Alexander would have held himself aloof. If science and history prove anything, they prove the shallowness of the pride of birth, the superficial quality of race distinctions, and the pride and power based thereon. But even this shallow conceit of blood is stable and respectable compared with the still shallower conceits of wealth, the unspeakable effrontery of those who strut across the stage of life decked in the silks, the ribbons, the broadcloth, and the jewelry which betoken the vulgar conceits of gold, the accumulation of which, soon or late, in the present complexity of society, is stained with oppression and the unfairness incident to the brutal competitions, the relentless aggressions of modern trade.

But conscience restores the self-respect which science destroys so ruthlessly. When the life of the individual is merged into the life of the race, the scientific truth of the divine paradox, "He that loseth his life shall find it, while he that saveth his life shall lose it," is promptly verified.

Small as is the place which the individual man occupies in time and space, still, most significant is that small place. Organized life, as we understand it, although it be, as Shaler says, "but a mere film on the surface of the sphere, an infinitesimal part of that mass which can never feel the vital impulse," yet, according to this same scientist, "all the living beings of our solar system are probably limited to the earth, and the distance from the deepest sea to the highest point under the equator to which life can extend is only about eight miles," and within this narrow range the possibilities of maintaining the highly organized life of man are severely circumscribed by the extremes of heat and cold, of wet and dry, and the food and shelter resources dependent thereon.

Paul's speech is literally justified, "Creation groans to bring forth man." His position is regal in the realm of life, so far as we can know it. And his royalty rests in the supremacy of intellect, the power to elect the hard road, the willingness to do the difficult thing, the readiness to bear the burdens incident to the corporate life of the race.

"The Growth of Sympathy" is the title of one of the most interesting chapters in Shaler's book. Man's place high in the universe is won by virtue of the sympathetic power vested in the highly developed nervous system, and the individual's place among his fellows is determined by his readiness to serve, by his ability to enter into the woes and joys of others, by the extent of his consecration to the well being of his kind, his readiness, when need be, to die for others. The test of the development of man or bird is determined by the degree of his sensitiveness to the sufferings of his kind, his readiness to rush to the rescue, his willingness to protect the suffering, to imperil himself for the safety of others. Herein lies the mighty potency of language, the great endowment of words. It so enlarges the sphere of sympathy, so increases the possibility of communication, so augments the life of the individual, with the cumulative experience of his race. Every new language acquired gives access to a new storehouse of knowledge, of ex-

perience and the joys and strengths incident thereto. Thus it is that even in the fleeting individuality of man, the whole wealth of history, the accumulations of the milleniums, become his property, to use or abuse as he invests the same wisely or unwisely.

So, the pride that was rebuked in the individual is reëstablished when that individual becomes a conscious part of the race; aye, when he allies himself with the universe and realizes that in him indeed the sun breaks into its finest radiance; in him the stars shine with the luster of conscience and in the glory of love.

Hence, Conscience calls upon the Individual to guard its individuality from harm, to hold it sacred for higher uses, to see to it that its power be not limited by indulgence and the sweep of its influence be not thwarted by extravagance or dissipation. Conscience calls upon the Individual to ally itself with the forces that endure, the potencies that roll through the centuries with a constantly accumulating power and an ever accelerating momentum. These are the forces that are embodied in the wisdom of the sages, in the triumphs of the martyrs, in the conquests of truth, in the administration of justice.

It is a far cry from the savage, shivering by the fagot fire kindled at the mouth of the cave, serving the douple purpose of warding away the beasts of prey that threaten him and the still greater danger from winter's cold, to the dweller in the modern house, heated by steam and lighted by electricity, furnished with the comforts and luxuries of bedroom, dining room and library, but man has traveled all this distance, and the march has been made in his collective strength, and in this journey his individuality has been increased. The independence of each one has been augmented by virtue of his coöperation with his fellows.

How, then, can the individuality be guarded from harm? Only by entrusting it to the safe-keeping of his fellows; only by making common cause with his comrades by standing in with and not against the common interests and the common cares and the common dangers of life. Democracy, not aristocracy in the future as in the past, guards the sanctities of the individual.

On the walls of the tombs of the ancient Pharaohs are shown the methods of the pyramid-builders. There are seen the vast blocks of stone being moved to their final destinations in the great structures. To these masses of stone there is attached a great network of long ropes which are laid hold of by a vast multitude of workmen, who, pulling together, slowly move the heavy weights which would puzzle a modern builder to handle. But here and there there is depicted a workman who, from carelessnes or lawlessness, has let go of the ropes, has fallen by the way, and he is being relentlessly crushed under the rollers that bear the mighty weight.

Humanity is engaged in tasks more momentous and awful than pyramid-building, and those who lay hold of the ropes and pull together will contribute to the triumph and will know the joy of labor; but those who refuse to do their share, those who would fain pull apart and away from their fellows, especially those who would throw the weight of their own insignificant personality against the sublime movements of humanity, the high tasks of the day, will surely suffer the fate of the ancient Egyptian workmen; they will be borne down, run over, crushed, under the weight which no man can move but which is borne forward by the combined efforts of all men.

Conscience calls upon the individual then to fall in, to take hold and pull with and not against humanity. The man who wants his way must see to it that his way is the way of progress. Today the measure of a man's individuality is the measure of his usefulness; and the measure of his joy is determined by his contribution to this common work, by his tug at the ropes, not by his frantic efforts to hold back. Everything, then, that militates against his pulling power, that weakens his grip on the ropes, limits his usefulness, detracts from the joy of his life and mars the destiny which awaits him.

Said Mazzini in his marvelous address to the Italian working class on "The Duties of Man": "You have life; therefore you have a law of life. To develop yourself, to act and live acording to your law of life, is your first, or rather your sole, duty." Again he says: "You are created for association. Humanity exists; hence there must be a single aim for all men, a work to be achieved by all."

This same "law of life" he interprets as the law of PROGRESS, a word which he says was unknown to antiquity, as also "HUMANITY," used to denote a collective being, remained unknown to them.

To fulfill this "law of life" he says the individual is furnished with a double conscience; his own conscience —the voice within—the trumpet that summons him to battle, and the conscience of humanity expressed in the dictates of history, expressed in the longings and the needs of the multitude, interpreted by the enkindled voice of bard and prophet and sage.

How imperative, imperious, compelling, is the call of this double conscience upon the individual to see to it that his personality be not limited, that his grip be not weakened, that his contribution be not lessened by the encroachments upon his physical health caused by the indulgences of appetite, the debauching of his nerves, the befuddling of his brain, or the weakening of any organ by the seductive narcotics—tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, or what not! And still more imperative is the call of conscience that his spiritual nature be not blunted, the keenness of his ethical vision be not dimmed by disobedience to the voice within, by any evasion of the call to self-sacrifice, to public service.

In the light of science and history, every attempt to segregate one's energies or the products thereof, all attempts to "play it alone," this greed for individual possession, this readiness to turn to private uses that which is the product of the corporate life of man, this persistence to say "mine" concerning that which; in the nature of things, is "ours," is a reversion to primitive barbarity; it is harking back to the brute life of the jungle; it is an attempt to perpetuate the ethics of the wolf and the tiger, the economies of the desert and the cave.

In this work of economizing the life of the individual for the benefit of the whole the laws that pertain to the physical well-being are comparatively well understood; they are easily expounded. The physician can promptly lay down the major conditions of good health, as promptly discover the inevitable debility and danger that come from any violation thereof. The conscience call to the individual today, concerning the body, is simply to respect the cautions and the prescriptions of the physician. For, if he be worthy the title, he speaks in the name of science, which deals in no ambiguities or uncertainties. On the physical side it is well proven that you cannot with impunity tamper with the inexorable laws of health; every violation will surely bring its penalty; every obedience will secure its swift and full reward. Sick-

ness is crime; health is virtue. Disease is simply the merited penalty for violated law. The broken nerve, the disturbed digestion, the congested lung or torpid liver, is Nature's verdict before the criminal at the bar.

So plain is this call of conscience, so manifest is duty here, that it is not necessary to spend time in further expounding the same. Let this suffice. It is not a matter of individual preference; it is not a matter to be decided by whim or taste or habit; there are no *"innocent* indulgences" of the flesh; there is no line that can be drawn between the harmful cigarette and the innocent cigar; between the pardonable use of that which is poured out of a cut glass decanter and the reprehensible imbibing from the dirty mug handed over the counter, reeking with the stench of sour beer. In both cases the quest is for alcoholic stimulant, and the verdict of science and of experience, the conscience within and the conscience of humanity, is that all the way up and down the line the mission of alcohol in the body is a fell one; it is an intruder; the peace and pleasure it brings are deceptive. It gets the better of the guards, the nerves, whose business it is to stand as sentinels on the outposts of the citadel of life.

So with all the other unlawful indulgences of the body the crime is not alone against self. Every crime against the individual is a blow against the well-being of the whole, and it is in the name of humanity that conscience pleads most forcibly with the youth to hold a steady hand on his passions; to keep the appetites well in check; to drive and not be driven by the desires of the body. For they are the forces which, rightly directed, will furnish the motive power of progress; when misdirected, they will land the train with its precious cargo in the ditch.

The subtle soul poisons that menace the individual are not so easily detected, and the voice of conscience often is not so clearly understood concerning it, but the same holds true. There are no "harmless" pursuits in life that do not run parallel with the well-being of the community. Every investment of time and money, every ribbon on the hat or button on the coat, every obeisance to fashion or custom, has its significance to the sensitive conscience; it makes either for the moralizing or the demoralizing of the community. Hence, conscience summons the individual to the plain simplicities of ethics, to that singleness of purpose, that reserve of energy, which will enable it to reach its maximum.

The fear of death is ignoble, but an untimely death is a reproach. Life should be so lived that it would rise steadily to the beautiful climacteric of the fourscore years and more.

In this conscience call to the individual to subordinate his own personal tastes and whims to the well-being of the community, to coördinate his energies with those of his fellows, there is no grimness. Here is nothing of the hair shirt and stone bed asceticism of the mediæval monks. Quite to the contrary, this road of conscience is the road of joy, of bounding health, of great returns; the road to intellectual freedom, to scholarly leisure, to social companionship. It changes the tasks of the world into privileges and sets life's drudgery to music.

Do you want to live for your children, save them from trouble and strain? You can surely provide for them only by teaching them, by precept and example, the joy of plain living and high thinking. Do you want to save them and yourselves from the grewsome experiences of poverty? It is the road of indulgence, of extravagance, of show and pomp, that leads to the poorhouse; not the road of thrift, of frugal living and disinterested service. No provision that an individual can make can save his own children from wretchedness and neglect unless it make common cause with good government, decent society, and the higher aspirations of life that flow through school, college, library, and church.

Are you anxious to leave to posterity a name; to leave behind you some witness that you lived and loved? I have already told of the apparent fleeting character of even a good and great man's achievements. But John Winthrop lives again in the triumphs of science; he walked again the Harvard campus in the quickened life of Professor Shaler; he has come to his resurrection in the written word and the printed page of this same professor. But Professor Shaler did not think it worth while to go hunting for the Winthrop monument in the cemetery crowded with such costly witnesses to the mortality of man.

Says Professor Shaler:

> "A wise use of the money expended in a single cemetery well known to me would enrich the community in which it lies with scores of precious institutions, making it the wealthiest in resources for the helping of man of any society the world has ever known."

On the same page our author shows the better way, even for those who are anxious to perpetuate their name on earth; he points to the more lasting monument. He says:

> "A shapely drinking place by the wayside, a seat that commands a pleasing landscape, cost but little more than the cheapest of the vain headstones that mark the place of the dust. A bit of park ground or a scholarship in a school are less expensive than any one of a thousand monuments such as vainly seek to attest the virtues of the dead in our great burial places."

An elm tree will outlast the legibility of any marble-cut inscription, and Jacob's well has outlived Solomon's kingdom and Jerusalem's temple.

I have said nothing of the possibilities beyond the grave, either of its terrors or its attractions. There is a Call of the Hereafter, but of that I shall speak at another time. Today I would insist that conscience demands that this life be lived nobly and the grave be worthily won, quite independent of any future career of the soul. The fear of death we have inherited from our brute ancestry. The wise and the virtuous soul is never afraid to trust itself in the arms of the infinite law, which is always kind to the obedient and has terrors only to the defiant.

The call of conscience comes to the individual today, reminding him that alone and isolated he is a fraction, an insignificant fragment, a rejected stone, in the way, unsightly and atrocious. But when he becomes invested with a corporate consciousness, when his life fuses itself with the life of others, he becomes a part of that mighty stream that forever flows through the gardens of God, causing Paradise to bloom and Eden to come again.

The call of conscience for the individual is today to take to heart as he never did before the needs of society, of church and of home; to realize that his individuality can be saved in no other way; his highest resources can be developed by no lesser inspiration, and his peculiar faculties, the individual, the ego, can come to its fulness only by coming to its own in the common life of the race. In order to realize this translation he must cast off the secretions, the conceits, the fetters, of unprofitable wealth, of unsightly fashions, of non-productive activities. He must shut down

the waste gates of life, that every drop of energy may help move the wheels of progress.

The conscience call to the individual is again the call of the simple life; the life of plain food, of beautiful, and on that account necessarily plain dress; of forceful, and on that account plain and honest speech; of effective, and on that account loving, disinterested work; of lasting, and on that account coöperative life. Only in proportion as life is socialized can it be free; only as we work together can we extend indivdual freedom and enlarge the individual life.

Conscience, then, would teach the individual to devoutly pray in the words which Kipling has recently taught us:

"Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun"

Benedicite

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe today;

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not friendship's spell-word, no?
The half unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love—unchanging, pure and true—
The paraclete white shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer on this sweet day,
As thou mayest hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

Rev. C. A. Osborne, Field Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

An Ethical Creed

Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) has been saying that no church since the primitive days of Christianity has ventured to formulate "an ethical creed." By this he doubtless means a creed expressing the ethical ideals of Christianity with the emphasis given them in the Scriptures.

Dr. Watson's remark is abundantly corroborated by a survey of the principal creeds, ecumenical and Protestant. The former, including the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene, are liturgical affirmations of the historical and spiritual facts and doctrines of the Evangelic Tradition, to which the Nicene adds its metaphysical doctrine of the deity of Christ to fence out the Arian heresy. In both of these the ethical element is present more in inference than in expression. In the Protestant creeds, beginning with the Augsburg Confession in 1530, the ethical element, though not wanting, is thrown into the shade by the theological emphasis on orthodox doctrine, which in some points is even non-ethical, affirming in the Heidelberg Catechism that God imputes to the believer in Christ the perfect righteousness and holiness of Christ. The duty of "good works" all Protestant creeds affirm, but deny them any religious value except as the fruit of faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ. Martineau, in his "Types of Ethical Theory," remarks upon this with some exaggeration: "With the proclamation and spread of Protestantism the *religious* value of morals disappeared."

Furthermore, the ethical standard adopted was neither the highest nor the most complete. It was taken from the Pentateuch rather than from the Gospels, from the law of Moses rather than the life of Jesus. The Westminster Confession of 1647 affirms that the moral law of God is set forth in the Ten Commandments, mainly negative as they are, as "a perfect rule of righteousness." Thus deficient ethically, the creeds expend their strength on an interest for doctrinal knowledge, and overshadow the things to be done with the things to be believed. Closely related to this one-sidedness is the fact noted by a friendly critic, that "the Church has found it easier to worship Jesus as the Son of God than to follow him as the Son of man."

The primitive documents of Christianity set it forth as "the Way" of the godly life, and with equal emphasis on its ethical and its religious characteristics. Its subsequently formed creeds exhibit it in terms of dogma rather than of life. A few years since a seminary professor wrote that the Presbyterian Church existed for the maintenance of the doctrinal beliefs set forth in its theological standards. The natural evil consequence of this long magnifying of the intellectual and dwarfing of the ethical interest is seen in the current misconception of Christianity, which repels from the churches so many good people, who regard it as a system of doctrines which they more or less dissent from, rather than as the Way of the moral and religious life which their consciences approve. A consequence more pernicious is that outside of the churches, as well as within, many have made to themselves idols—a crude morality without religion, and a crude religion morally deficient.

Such, then, is the urgent need for a creed blending religion and morality with equal fullness in the indis-

soluble union which each requires for genuineness. The pattern is abundantly clear in the Scriptures. These illuminate what the creeds obscure. How closely the Hebrew prophets identified morality with religion appears in Micah's classic question, "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" The Pauline Epistles give us theology in abundance, but ethics also with a fullness which the creeds, while amplifying the theology, have neglected. See how the theological climax of Paul's letter to the Romans introduces us at chapter XII, to the lofty highlands of the moral life of the godly. See also how the sublime Christology of the first half of his letter to the Colossians is made the foundation for the elaborate ethical superstructure in the second half. But it is, above all, in the life of Jesus that the interpenetration, the perfect fusion, of religion and morality is seen in ideal completeness.

I believe in Jesus Christ and in following him is the most compendious and also most complete creed for a Christian man. But intelligent self-direction in this line calls for supplementary ethical definition. General terms require specifications. The whole can be adequately known only by knowing the particulars that compose it. Theologically the creeds have given such knowledge in ample details. Ethically it remains to be given in equal amplitude, and even larger, since conduct counts for more than knowledge. Faith is simple, but occasions for its exercise in conduct are manifold. The ethical definition of what it is to believe in Christ and follow him must needs be somewhat expansive in detail. Creed-makers are commonly supposed to have had their day. Cutting down their intellectual work to things essential is supposed to be all that remains to do. On the contrary, the ethical field in which they did so little is one in which much remains to do.

Ten years ago Dr. Watson himself made a beginning in this field. It was widely discussed at the time. Its expansion of ethical interest with contraction of the theological called forth some protests from ecclesiastical quarters. Thus it read: "I believe in the Fatherhood of God; in the words of Jesus; in a clean heart; in the service of love; in the unworldly life; in the Beatitudes. I promise to trust God and to follow Christ, to forgive my enemies, and to seek after the righteousness of God."

This statement of a confession in which all Christian people must agree was offered simply as a basis for Christian unity. Adequate for that, it is less adequate for the greater need of the development of an instructed Christian conscience. This requires more specific affirmations of the various characteristics of Christian life and conduct. All Christians theoretically "believe in the words of Jesus;" not all follow every line of conduct required by such belief. All Christians "believe in a clean heart;" not all in every particular of the conduct which makes the heart really clean. For practical uses an ethical creed should so explicitly delineate the Way of life and conduct which the Christian ideal requires that the ignorant and inexperienced may comprehend it and intelligently follow it amidst temptations to various forms of righteousness. While Dr. Watson's brief formulary goes in the right direction, its generalities need to be particularized for pedagogic use.

What this involves has been well expressed in a paragraph of the declaration of faith adopted this year for the united church in which Congregationalists, Methodist Protestants, and the United Brethren propose to coalesce:

> We believe that, according to Christ's law, men of the Christian faith exist wholly for the service of man, not only in holding forth the Word of life, but in the support of works and institutions of piety and charity, in the maintenance of human freedom, in the deliverance of all those that are oppressed, in the enforcement of civic justice, and the rebuke of all unrighteousness.

Excellent as it is, it is a question whether this comes fully up to the ideal. An ethical compartment in a block of propositions does not impart ethical character to the whole. In any statement whatsoever a specifically ethical characteristic is recognizable only in the purposing of an object of will and endeavor. An ethical creed, therefore, must not only express the relation of its *credenda* to *agenda*, of belief to action, but this relation must appear throughout, to give ethical character to the whole.

The ideal creed of this kind is unlikely to be formulated by a single hand. But it will have to meet two distinct needs: (1) Emphasis on moral ideals rather than, as the theological creeds, on intellectual ideas; (2) sufficient detail to avoid both the brevity that veils and the diffuseness that tires. Some such specimen as the following may serve for illustration of the aim:

> We believe in God as the Father of all men, requiring a brotherly mind and conduct toward all from each.
>
> We believe in Jesus Christ as our divine pattern of sonship to God and brotherhood to man; the Captain of our salvation through warfare against whatever is unbrotherly toward man and unfilial toward God.
>
> We believe in the Holy Spirit as our Monitor, Quickener and Guide into all truth and duty in Jesus' way of love and faithfulness to God and man.
>
> We believe in the Bible as the record of the Holy Spirit's work in bringing men out of darkness into the saving light of Christ, that we may know the will of God, and do it.
>
> We believe that salvation through Christ is salvation from a selfish heart and life, wrought out through unselfish service to men, to be done as for God, and as a necessary part of the true worship of God.
>
> We believe that the whole duty of man is to seek the Kingdom of God and his righteousness,
>
> By loving one's neighbor as one's self, and treating as neighbor whomever we can help in his need;
>
> By sacrifice at the altar of human need as sacrifice at the altar of God;
>
> By aiming at goodness as true greatness, and greatness in unselfish service as the noblest greatness;
>
> By valuing material goods according to their uses as helps toward a higher life for ourselves and others;
>
> By preferring a rich life to a rich living, richness in good thoughts and deeds to richness in possessions;
>
> By strictness with ourselves and charitableness to others;
>
> By forgetting offenses, remembering kindnesses, and speaking truth in love;
>
> By regarding the good in others rather than the evil, and making more of our agreements with others than our disagreements;
>
> By abhorring all insincerity, indolence and cowardice;
>
> By hating every form of evil in one's self or in the community, and warring against it;
>
> By steadfast patience, courage and sympathy, regardless of inconvenience or loss, in furthering our Father's will in ourselves, our neighborhood, our nation and our world.

The present time of moral awakening seems to invite constructive work in this line. The School of Ethical Culture must no longer be permitted to outdo the Church. The need of an ethical creed is pedagogical even more than confessional. This is the point of view for the attainment of a satisfying result.

—*James M. Whiton, in Outlook.*

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Hearstism.

The fight in New York State is at its height. Forty-five other states are watching it with no ordinary interest for, unless the Empire State of itself can effectually extirpate the Hearst hydra the monster will undoubtedly foist itself as an issue upon the country at large in due time. There are national perils enough without Hearstism. That it is a peril is the evident consensus of opinion of the great majority of men everywhere who have cultivated the habit of ratiocinating occasionally, who have not lost all faith in the essential goodness of human character, and who believe in the continuing "existence of Christian civilization and of democratic government, its last and most valuable fruit." The far-sighted, the thoughtful, the keen, the doers of things, the pillars of society, whether rich or poor, conservative or radical, see in Hearstism nothing but blatant demagogism, glaring inconsistency, inordinate personal ambition, softened by no trace of unselfishness and untouched by any desire for real service, all backed with a megalophonous yellow press and an execution-proof corporate organization. But what of that great army of the intellectually myopic, the submerged, the discontented, the unsuccessful, whose "*summum odium in eos qui omnia tenent*" is as old as the Adirondacks? The world is full of them and New York has its share. To them the plainly proved insincerity of their standard-bearer counts for naught. They look to Hearst for a "new deal," for immediate economic changes to right their wrongs. They are too low in the human scale to know that the individual must be his own savior, that the American citizen is the unit, and not the boss or the demagogue. Right here lies the peril of Hearstism: not in itself *per se*, repellant, unmoral, un-American though it is; but in the blindness, the snarling discontent and the ignorance of *negative* humanity, whose mind is swayed by the fatuous promises and pseudo-philanthropies of a rich and unscrupulous politician, and poisoned by the inflammatory and malicious sophistries—that often pass on their face for moral teaching—of a raucous, sinister and nauseating journalism. It is perhaps well that Hearstism is to be subjected to a great popular test on November 6. The test will be a fair one as well as a notable one for Hearstism and the insincerity which the word connotes is opposed by Mr. Hughes, who is the embodiment of sincerity, sagacity and intelligent reform, as *positive* humanity knows.

New York Insurance.

Of vital interest just now to the thousands who hold life insurance policies in the New York Mutual and New York Life Companies is the election on December 18 next of trustees of those institutions to fill terms that expire by statutory limitation on that date. It behooves the individual policy holder to study the situation most carefully and intelligently before mailing his proxy or his ballot. Since October 18, prior to which date all proxies are void by law, the campaign has been in full swing, the administrations, so-called, against all-comers. The claims for recognition on the part of the former are that they have taken their little dose of investigation, castigation and legislation cheerfully and repentantly, that they have purged themselves as by fire, that they have conformed both to the letter and the spirit of the new laws, that their internal reforms have been sweeping, that economies demanded by outraged premium-payers have been and are being effected, and that graft has been exorcised. The all-comers, on the other hand, who are represented by the International Policyholders' Committee, a protective and voluntary association of policyholders, have placed a ticket in the field, composed of men of recognized integrity and high standing, who are known to be free from any entangling alliances with high finance. This International Committee charges the administrations with an unholy desire to remain in power that they may continue to move in financial circles as of yore, circumspectly doubtless, but with their money bags at the service of Wall Street, and urges the policyholders to complete the good already accomplished through the insurance legislation by a thorough housecleaning that shall wipe out all traces of the evils that have blackened the past of the New York companies. That is the situation in brief. Both sides are working hard to secure votes. The policyholder should consider the relative merits of the case before voting, and weigh thoughtfully the charges and countercharges that are daily being exchanged. Bishop McCabe's lively indorsement of the Mutual Administration, coupled with that of some men and some journals of repute, may influence policyholders here and there to vote the Administration tickets, but we rather incline to the belief that the average policyholder will desire to see the drastic reforms already so well begun carried to their logical conclusion. The leopard may be caged but his spots cannot be changed. Gross abuses obtained under the administrations now praying to be retained, and the policyholder is justified in taking advantage of his new position as a factor in the case to make a clean sweep, even though the administrations show pleasing balance sheets and make fair promises. The possibilities for financial juggling and jobbery, despite the stringency of the new laws, are still too numerous to be left in "experienced" hands. The reprehensible methods pursued by the New York Life here in Chicago this last week to coerce ballots for its Administration ticket are enough to prejudice the most apathetic policyholder at the start. The "Fusion" ticket on the Mutual ballot is a hybrid, and should be disregarded. The International Committee repudiates it, and an examination of its personnel shows that it is probably an administration stuffed shirt with which to bait the unwary.

Illinois Central.

If Mr. Harriman succeeds in dominating the directors of the Illinois Central to the extent of ousting President Fish at the coming election, it will be regarded in this part of the country at least almost as a public calamity. Under Mr. Fish the Central has enjoyed clean management, reasonable profits for its owners, who are many, freedom from a top-heavy bonded indebtedness and a healthy existence independent of the diabolical machinations of Wall Street dictators that has been a blessing to this state. Whatever may be the merits of the mutual charges of bad faith at the recent stockholders' meeting, the people of Illinois, who feel a paternal interest in the road, are profoundly agitated over the symptoms of Harrimanitis now developing. They do not view with equanimity the concrete examples in the past of Mr. Harriman's financial wizardry, his policies of absorption and concentration, bonding and private profit-taking. They distrust him. They share with many others the apprehension that certain economic changes, portents of which are in the air today throughout the country, cannot be peaceably evolved, so long as Harriman and his ilk insist on defying public opinion and clinging to the porcine policy of fattening the few at the expense of the many. Mr. Harriman will do well to consult the signs of the times.

High School Fraternities.

The Supreme Court of Washington State has handed down a decision which is in the interests of true democracy. School boards may prohibit high school fraternities. The contention of the fraternity defenders that the individual character of the student would be held in question and his rights interfered with should fraternities be barred, was held by the Court to be invalid, since no reflection upon the character of the individual is intended and therefore possible; while individual rights must be subordinated to the welfare of the whole body of students. This decision is an interesting precedent, which should and doubtless will affect the problem of school fraternities elsewhere.

Drainage Canal.

The future of the proposed Great Lakes- Mississippi Waterway, as well as Chicago's sanitary future, will depend upon the action of the International waterways Commission regarding the question of limiting the flow of water through the Drainage Canal. The Commission, during its late visit to Chicago, listened to a combination of eloquence advocating the absolute necessity, on national as well as local grounds, of plenty of water for the canal, both now and in the future. The addresses seem to have affected the Commission visibly, and to have sent them away in a thoughtful mood. Lake Michigan clearly should serve Chicago and the State of Illinois before serving the Niagara power companies.

Meat Combination.

Rumor has it that an English holding company is to be incorporated in London for the purpose of taking over all the packing interests into a Brobdingnagian combination. Standard Oil is said to have done the same thing with a number of its properties. The purpose is obvious, to escape "federal persecution," so-called, and to bid defiance to the laws of the land. Have monopolies noticed that the sky in the East is red with the dawn of popular enlightenment touching the matter of the divine right of kings, whether hereditary or industrial? P. S. W.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—The inspiration of genius belongs one-half to heaven, the other to the crowd of human mortals from whose life it springs.

MON.—Charity is not the watchword of the Faith of the future.

TUES.—The watchword of the Faith of the future is *association* and fraternal coöperation of all towards a common aim.

WED.—Our country is the fulcrum of the lever we have to build for the common good.

THURS.—Be your country your Temple. God at the summit; a people of equals at the base.

FRI.—Education, labor and the franchise are the three main pillars of the nation.

SAT.—The Family is the Heart's Fatherland.

—*Mazzini.*

A Memory

The fire upon the hearth is low
And there is stillness everywhere:
Like tumbled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow with that little prayer,
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years
And lingers with a dear one there;
Again I hear the child's Amen,
My mother's face comes back to me;
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hand again.

O, for an hour in that dear place!
O, for the peace of that dear time!
O, for the childish trust sublime!
O, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep
I do not seem to be alone—
Sweet magic of that treble tone—
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

—*Eugene Field.*

A Hero of the Furnace Room

The duty of the boilermakers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men.

Most people in the United States will remember that, when the Bancroft went to work to batter the walls of San Juan, for some reason she had to slip out of action and her place was taken by the little gunboat Castine, which without delay opened her batteries upon the fort.

Very few people, even on the vessel herself, knew what a close shave she and her crew had of paying a permanent visit to the dreaded haven of Davy Jones.

The Castine carried on board three of these boilermakers already referred to, Fish, another, and one Huntley, of Norfolk, Va. The Castine went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed her 2,199 horsepower could make them spin, and her battery of eight guns started her quivering with excitement and the fierce delight of battle. The furnaces were heated almost in white heat and the forced draught was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions.

Suddenly, without expectation, without warning, far down in the furnace-hole, unheard by officer or man amid the din of battle, the thundering reverberations of exploding gunpowder, there arose a fierce hissing noise inside one of the furnaces—and those who heard it trembled as no guns or shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

A socket bolt in the back connection at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung; the steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening in a few moments to put it out and stop the progress of the ship if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation!

The faces of the men below, in that moment of terrible suspense, blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do save wait the awful coming of the shock they knew must come.

None? Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together, the first to whom returned the fear-driven senses, was Boilermaker Huntley. His name does not appear on the navy list. Even his first name was unknown to his confrere, Fish. Only Boilermaker Huntley, of Norfolk, Va. But that is enough and his deed should be sufficient to find for him a niche in the annals of fame whenever and wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told.

One instant of startled horror—then, without hesitation, without trepidation, with stern-set jaws and fierce, devoted determination on every line of face and form:

"Turn off the forced draught!" he cried.

"Huntley, what are you going to do?"

"Bank the fire! Quick!"

"It's certain death!"

"For one—unless, for all! Turn off the draught! Bank the fire!"

The orders were carried out feverishly.

"Now a plank!"

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had himself climbed and crawled over the ragged mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his friends drew him out at the door. The force draught went to its work again and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

But what of Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace room, while around him stood his mates dousing him with water and using every known means for his resuscitation. He did not die, but when once more he opened his eyes and was able to be carefully lifted into daylight there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the Castine and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty." But while the United States remains a nation, so long as the banner bearing the silver stars on the field of blue above alternate stripes of red and white remains the symbol of purity, bravery and patriotism to American hearts the whole world over; so long, when her heroes are spoken of, one name should never be omitted—that of Boilermaker Huntley, of Norfolk, Va.—*Toledo Blade.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

HINTS ON THE FOUNDING OF A MUSEUM.—Dr. A. B. Meyer, the well-known museum expert, writes us that he has been spending some weeks near Lienz, in the Tyrol, where, with a friend, Professor Unterforcher, he has been occupying himself in determining the site of the old pre-Roman and Roman settlement, Aguntum. In this they have been so far successful that, though no actual excavations were undertaken for lack of funds, they expect to return to the task another season. In the meantime another step was taken in the calling of a mass-meeting of the citizens of Lienz to consider the founding of a local museum. Naturally Dr. Meyer and his friend were the principal speakers on this occasion. A copy of Dr. Meyer's address lies before me, containing such practical suggestions as to the value, the desirable aim and scope of the small museum anywhere, that an abstract may not come amiss in UNITY.

Museums, he says, are among the best instruments of popular enlightenment, so much so that even those who do not believe much in popular education or popular culture in general, have nothing to say against them. They appeal, moreover, not to any one class or section of the community, but serve to open the eyes of all and render them observing of many things that had hitherto passed unheeded. The museum awakens a lively interest in the works of nature and of man, both past and present, and broadens one's range of vision in unlooked for directions. It multiplies the joys of life and helps one over many of its trials and annoyances. But aside from all this, in the founding and maintenance of museums, men fulfill a duty which they owe to their ancestors and to posterity.

All this being so, the wonder is that it was so long before the idea of museums dawned upon us. It was only within the last few centuries that any notable collections arose, and not until the nineteenth did the movement become so general that now no city of any size, or making any pretensions to culture, is without its museum. The need for local museums made itself felt especially in the last decade, and other nations were somewhat ahead of us in this matter.

After naming the various existing museums in the Tyrol, Dr. Meyer goes on to say: "Let me observe at once that I include in the conception of a museum a collection of books, in other words, a library, for without that the comprehension and wise utilization of a museum is unthinkable, and where it is not yet possible to attempt the founding of a museum, at least a public collection of books, however small, should be undertaken.

"In founding a local museum it is of the first importance to start with a clear idea of just what is to be collected, and not to make the undertaking too broad in its scope.

"Museums may be broadly divided into those that exhibit the creations of nature, or purely scientific museums, and those that seek to display what the mind and hands of man have produced, in other words, the history of civilization, and especially art, in all its branches."

Dr. Meyer strongly advises the small museum to forego, at least in the beginning, any attempt to enter upon the former field, because of the quite considerable expense and the great amount of technical knowledge needful to properly install and keep in good condition such collections. He enlarges at some length on this point. A natural history collection, even when offered as a gift, cannot wisely, he thinks, be accepted unless in first rate condition, and unless there is an endowment, the income from which will provide for the cost of maintenance.

On the other hand, there is enough in the field of the prehistoric, the historic, the fine arts and the industrial arts to give full scope for the energies and to tax the resources of the ordinary community.

This is especially true for the people of Lienz, since it lies in a region known to be particularly rich in prehistoric and Roman remains. After stimulating their local pride and interest by some account of the importance of this particular field, and assurances of the shame it would be should the region continue to be exploited merely for the benefit of other Tyrolean museums and for collectors in America and elsewhere, Dr. Meyer lays great stress on the avoidance of haphazard and unregulated digging, and emphasizes the extreme importance of systematic excavation under expert supervision if the location uncovered is to answer all the questions that will be asked of it. From the very first day, every object found should receive a distinctive and permanent number, not to be lost or confused with any other, and should be minutely described in a carefully kept catalogue under the corresponding number. The failure to attend to these matters in proper time has rendered many a small collection comparatively valueless.

The historical department of the museum may contain much. Every possible local document must be collected there, all possible manuscripts that throw any light on local conditions and events; also songs, proverbs and folk-lore should be collected, and particular attention should be given to the investigation of names. Representatives of different types of the population and all kinds of local views are important matter. In this connection, as elsewhere, photographs are pronounced undesirable as a means of perpetuating these features on account of their lack of permanency.

An especially important element in this section is the book collection. This must include all works relating to the locality, as well as all those of general contents necessary to a full understanding of the collections. These books must be accessible not merely to the members of the museum's association, but to every one, for as the purpose of the whole undertaking is to diffuse information, a narrow policy here would be quite out of place. In order to obtain the publications of other museums and societies, it is quite desirable that the museum should from time to time issue publications of its own. A warning is given against collecting books that will not be used, because the preservation of books demands space and money.

In the domain of art, much that was old has been scattered to the winds, but there is still many a good thing to be had. For these one must be on the lookout, striving to secure them as gifts or loans, or by purchase if need be, to prevent their going elsewhere.

For modern works one must seek to secure the interest and coöperation of the best local artists in having their best works represented either by originals or copies made under their supervision. In this connection Dr. Meyer congratulates his auditors on the fact that such artists as Defregger and Egger were born in the neighborhood of Lienz.

The industrial arts section is not less comprehensive than the preceding, and indeed the two overlap at many points. The costumes of the country, so far as the old-style garments are available, should be shown on full figures. The

museum at Bozen has used for the purpose life-sized wooden puppets, which when dressed are quite presentable. These figures, of course, must be kept in glass cases.

In this section, too, belong all the household utensils of daily life, not merely those in present use, but, so far as procurable, all such as have been crowded out by newer devices. In this age of machinery, much that is old will soon vanish beyond recall. Nothing here is too trifling or insignificant to be worth preserving.

This section should include all the handicrafts: basketry, weaving, knitting, embroidery, crochet-work, carving, etc., all these having been more or less crowded out by machinery. Pottery, too, if a local industry, should be represented.

Each object must be well catalogued and described. It is therefore desirable to have a paid custodian, for even if his salary be small, it will serve to give him a sense of responsibility for the work he has undertaken.

Great as are the demands of such a museum, there is none but what can be met by personal interest and enthusiasm in the community. Let each one bring a contribution, and there will soon be a nucleus from which the rest will grow. Consider, says Dr. Meyer in conclusion, that you have a duty to fulfill, and you will soon have a feeling of satisfaction in what you have accomplished that will be your reward. In three years, then, you will have a little museum quite worth seeing, and in thirty years you may rejoice in one with a wide reputation. It all depends upon yourselves.

M. E. H.

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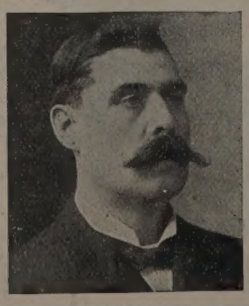

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